

Flowers Follow Roots

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Flowers Follow Roots

by [idiotwithinternet](#)

Summary

Breathing is harder now, the roots wrapped around his ribs tightening with every jagged exhale. He's stood in front of the mirror before, traced the lines of elevated stretched skin they caused as they wrapped their way around him. An awful, terrible mockery of hugs that he would give his life to receive.

Or: Tommy is dying, and there is a fragile kind of beauty in the flowers born of tragic love.

Notes

Major Character Death, I choose you!

My first fic for fic fight, full of angst as it should be.

Being serious, I hope you enjoy, TheoreticalMouse.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

They hold his hands as he collapses, doing nothing to slow his inevitable fall to the earth but following him down anyway. They sit next to him, the two people in his life who share the love he feels for them. The only ones who don't make him feel like he's choking when he looks at them.

Tommy lays there, in the middle of the garden in the backyard, chest rattling with every breath that manages to fight its way from his lungs. Ranboo sits there, playing with Tommy's fingers as he gazes at the sunrise. Tubbo lays on his other side, curled into him and clutching his hand as if it's the only thing left in this world that can keep Tubbo connected to it.

Neither of them cries.

Neither of them offers any false promises.

He wouldn't want them to. He never wanted that, never wanted them to tell him that *'everything will be okay.'* *'We'll figure it out, don't worry.'* *'I'm sure they love you, Tommy.'* Tommy always just wanted them there, wanted the two people who loved him back close as he cries over everyone who does not.

Tubbo never cried, not over this. He told jokes just to see Tommy laugh, watched him throw his head back as joy swept through him. He held him as his laughter lead to coughs that had him doubled over and blood spilling from his lips, then made fun of him right after beginning the whole process all over again. He stole something every time they met, filling his room with them until his room screams *Tommy* more than it had ever said Tubbo's name.

Ranboo just smiled when Tommy was over, and learned how to press and preserve flowers when he was not. He dug every petal out of the garbage with reverence, locked them between the pages of a journal that will never see the sun again after this day. He rinsed blood from roots and planted them anywhere and everywhere they would fit, sprouting a veritable garden among the clutter in his room.

Tommy, well Tommy was just glad that at least someone loved him. That someone was there to help him from the time that those first flowers fluttered their way out in a single cough to the time that entire plants crawled their way further up his throat with every exhale. That someone cared enough about him to keep every part of him. That someone was able to make bouquets out of the discarded parts of him, find some beauty in his pain.

And so they rest there, silent and connected, just as they always have been and just as they will always be.

Breathing is harder now, the roots wrapped around his ribs tightening with every jagged exhale. He's stood in front of the mirror before, traced the lines of elevated stretched skin they caused as they wrapped their way around him. An awful, terrible mockery of hugs that he would give his life to receive.

The roots shift, pushing their way from his skin to make their way into the ground below. His hands are squeezed tighter and if he were able to move his head he would see that for the first

time in months, tears are making trailing down his friends' faces.

But he can't move, hasn't been able to since he fell in the garden, eyes barely able to track the moon and completely unable to see the sunrise. So his breaths slow, air stilling in his lungs as he goes, fully believing that at least they won't cry over him.

He wouldn't want them to.

And as the sun rises, color spilling over the three in the backyard, flowers follow roots reaching towards its rays of light, aching to survive where their host could not. Tears leave cheeks, watering the last bit of life Tommy would ever give as his flowers are planted in the garden of people who in the end never loved him. Planted on the property of the people who killed him, a terrible, beautiful reminder of everything that could have been but never was.

It's only when the growth reaches his hands that they let go, resting his hands on the soil as they stand up to leave. They cling to each other, hand in hand, missing a piece of themselves that they know can never be replaced, and walk out of that garden.

Neither of them looks back.

There's no need to when Tommy and his flowers are burned into their memories.

And when they come home it will be to unnatural silence, house still in a way it has never been.

And they will be confused and it will take until sunset for them to realize that Tommy isn't there.

And they will look, but not that hard because it's Tommy and the quiet is kind of nice.

And they will eventually go to their garden and see the newly planted flowers.

Technoblade will shake his head when asked, because, no, he didn't plant those there. Wilbur will be the first to point out that the ground they're planted in isn't flat. Phil will be the first to fall to his knees beside his youngest son as he finally spots one of his blue eyes, now gray, as it gazes at the sky it will never see again.

His remaining sons will follow suit, clinging to their father as they grieve over a boy who died believing they didn't love him.

When they manage to remove themselves from Tommy's side, they will go to Tubbo and Ranboo. Screaming and crying and begging to know how they could let this happen, how they could just let their friend die.

And Tubbo and Ranboo won't say anything, just smile with tears in the corners of their eyes as they hang up the phone or close the door in their faces, because at least they were there for him.

And all three will grasp each other and their bonds with everything they have, refusing to loosen their grip for even a moment. Hoping that the other two will be enough for them to live as petals begin to stir in their lungs.

After all; dead things can't love anyone anymore.

End Notes

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